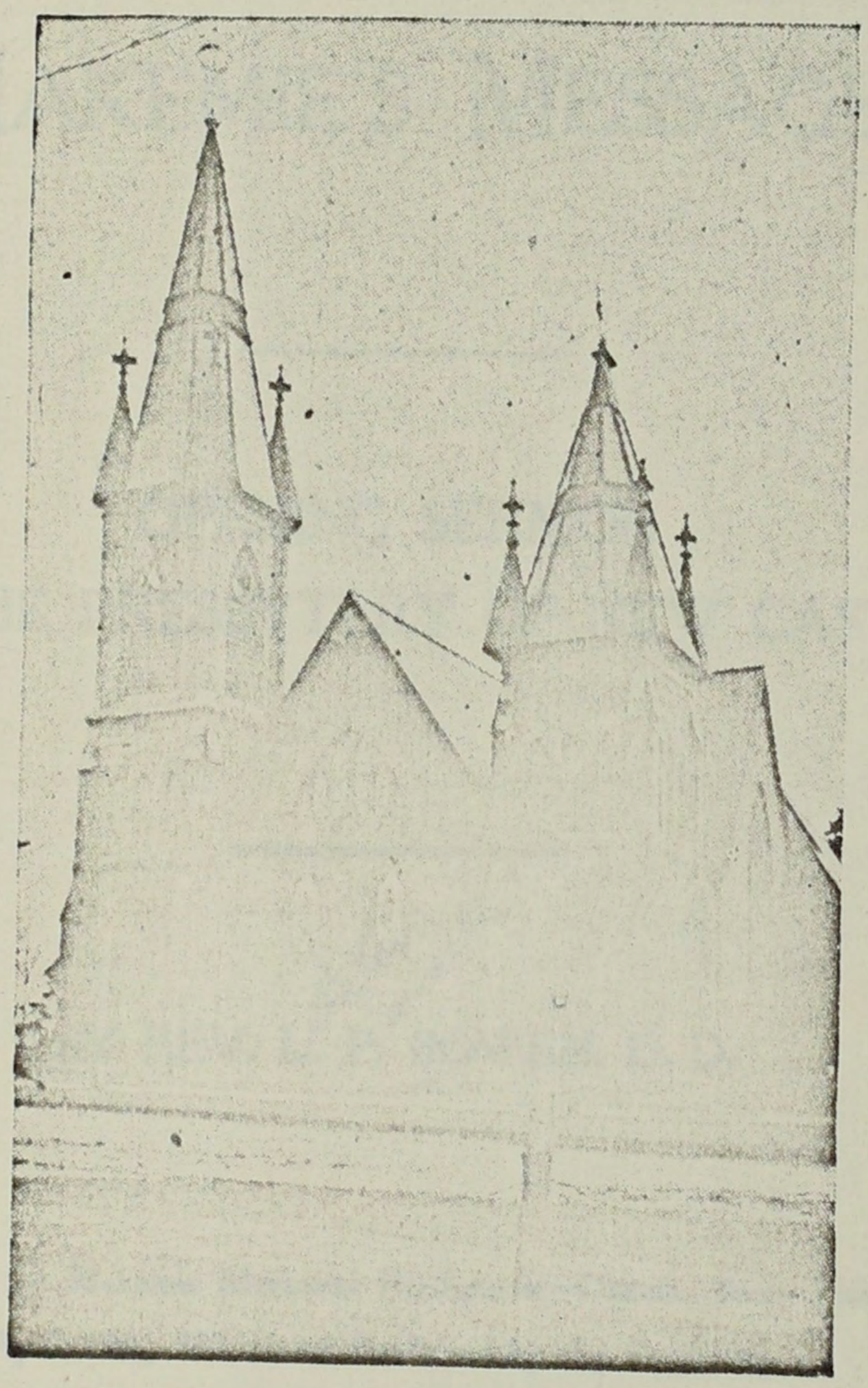
Makemie's Message.



MAKEMIE MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

SNOW HILL, MARYLAND.

(Organized 1683.)

REV. JOSEPH B. NORTH, LL.D., PASTOR.

MAKEMIE'S MESSAGE.

OPENING SERMON
OF THE PRESBYTERY OF NEW CASTLE.

BY REV. L. P. BOWEN, D. D.

Preached in the Makemie Memorial Presbyterian Church, Snow Hill, Md.,
April 18th, 1911, and Published by the Presbytery.

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MAKEMIE'S MESSAGE.

TEXT—"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times."
Psalm 77: 5.

MAKEMIELAND takes to her bosom this week her Presbyterial guests. To some of us grayheads, you bring the sunny recollections of the old Lewes Presbytery, *nomen clarum*, full of refreshing memories—Balch, Vallandligham, Graff, Gaylord Moore, Cornelius Mustard, Austen Heaton, J. T. H. Waite, Joseph Polk, Alanson Haines, the two Handys and the two Mackies—all ascended. I suppose I am the only Ministerial relic.

Two hundred and five years ago your ancestress, the Mother Presbytery, convened in the small town of Philadelphia—most of the members from this Peninsula—the Moderator, Father Makemie. No railroads or steamboats or even stage-coaches in those days, the long, laborious travel through the trackless wilderness was a feat of heroes. How did Samuel Davis and Makemie get there? But they got there! The *getting there* is one of this evening's first lessons from the days of old.

The preacher tonight and his theme are neither one of my choosing. The Presbyterial Powers that Be are responsible for both the speaker and his subject. Somebody asked me why there was a subject assigned. "Oh," I said, "everybody thinks that I don't know anything else but Makemie." However, there is for us all a fascination in the twilight haze of the days of yore. The delightful historical fictions of the Wizard of the North are so charming and perennial because of the witcheries of the romantic Long Ago. The great Epics of the world—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Milton—wrought their splendors through the magic of the dim ages. Yes, and our eloquent Bible too appeals to this sense of the venerable. The vivid

imagination, the warmth of fancy, the poetical, the reverential, have fine scope among its galleries of the heroes and heroines of the sacred far-away eras.

The old family Bible that lay on the stand, I love it better for its being an Old Book; for its hallowed antiquity, for its youthful longevity. I love the Old Book because of its own love for the old-time people—the lessons and testimonies of the ancient witnesses. So in the Psalm (77: 10) we hear the Old Book saying—"I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High; I will remember the work of the Lord; surely I will remember Thy wonders of old." So in Job (8: 8). "Inquire I pray you of the former age and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers." So too over and over the Great Teacher instances the voices of generations gone—"Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time." Matt. 5: 32. We love to hear the Old Book talking about the fathers. So in Daniel (3: 23)—"I thank Thee and praise Thee, O God of my fathers." So Ezra (7: 27), "Blessed be the God of our fathers." Jehovah himself appeals to the charm of the hoary histories—"I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Acts 7: 32. The Psalmist would not have been the bard he was, had he not felt the stimulus of the Text—"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times."

Our Makemieland has also her own ancestral glamour—her legends and traditions—spells of the days departed. You are a poor Presbyterian if you do not feel the vibrations in the air. These graveyards are full, like the Bible itself, of the Calvinistic patriarchs. Breathe deeper and you will inhale the same ozone that they breathed. Look—that is Makemie's sloop Tabitha, yonder in the gloaming, swinging around the curves of the Pocomoke. Listen—that is Pony Button trudging through the cypress jungles with Confession of Faith and brace of flint-lock pistols in the holsters. If you have any poetry in you, you will catch the Scotch-

Irish brogue in these vernal breezes. Take it in, the sunlight and the romance of the birthland of American Presbyterianism. Holden's Creek with its eloquent statue—one hand with the Bible in it and the other raised in benediction—salutes you through the Text, "I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times."

And now my points: I am going to cull certain practical lessons out of the life and writings of our Founder. Our genial Eastern Shore is proud of her evergreens but the hollies and pines and laurels are not her only evergreens. Francis Makemie and his contemporaries—William Trail, Samuel Davis, Thomas Wilson, George McNish and John Hampton—were like the Psalmist's tree, "planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruits in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." Ps. 1: 3. God never drops the thread of holy influences. Of the Almighty Isaiah says (63: 6)—"Then He remembered the days of old." And Jehovah has said—"Remember the former days of old, for I am God and there is none else." Is. 46: 9. He is as surely the God of Makemie as of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. It was a fine old day when from the silent Records, from the dust and microbes of two centuries, the personality of our Founder, hitherto almost a myth, began to emerge from the shadows. And now the son of Donegal shall himself preach the opening sermon of this Peninsular Presbytery tonight, as he preached the opening sermon of the original Presbytery, and his Text shall be—"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times."

First Lesson.—God's emphasis upon early piety, the youthful heart for Jesus. See the little boy trudging to school through the purple heather of the Ulster hills. Of his ancestry we know as little as of the ancestry of Saul of Tarsus. We know only that Paul was of the tribe of Benjamin and we know that in the veins of our Apostle was the blood of the Caledonian clans. The Scotch-Irish were to leave an indelible impress upon the Emerald Isle and upon America too through the ages. Of his home-

circle we know nothing except that he had two brothers John and Robert and little sister Anne. We are glad of that. We get closer to him because he had brothers and a sister to love. Especially the little sister. We know of but one event in the boyhood of Jesus, the lad in the Temple. We know of but one event in the boyhood of young Francis, but that event of tremendous moment to the Church of God. He tells us about it—"A work of grace," he says, "wrought in my heart at fifteen years of age." Genuine and far reaching was that work of grace—"Since which time," he says, "To the glory of his grace be it spoke, I have had sure experiences of God's various dealings with me according to His unerring wisdom to my unspeakable comfort."

The great American Presbyterian Church built upon the conversion of a boy! The Presbyterianism of this Peninsula founded upon God's Electing Love and the free agency of a boy! New born in his early 'teens. God knew that he had but fifty years to live and great thiags to do and there were no years to waste. What do these facts say? They say—"Give us, O Lord, the boys and girls, the lads and the lassies, the young men and maidens beneath the blue skies between the Bays." Two little Holden's Creek lassies—Bettie going early and Anne going late—were to bring the young convert of Erin into close touch with all the nurseries in your Manses and in your congregations. Oh ye family altars. Oh ye Sunday Schools, you have in our Founder God's own ordained object-lesson—youthful days for God—that Donegal boy! "Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies and Thy loving kindness, for they have been ot old." Ps. 25: 6.

Second Lesson.—Watch and guard the Schools. Suppose that Teacher in the humble School house by Lough Swilly had been a freethinker or Agnostic or other skeptical smart Aleck or of loose morals. Suppose he had belittled the Bible and blighted the urchin's faith in the bud! Oh no—the Great Ordainer placed over that School

a consecrated Christian soul. I heard a minister of a sect not very sound in the faith say before a large congregation he owed all his hopes for time and eternity to his Teacher in the Blue-Grass of Kentucky, a Presbyterian Elder, and he added, "I tell you, brethren, that the old Presbyterian Elders know more about training children than all the rest of us put together." So Makemie tells of his indebtedness too; that work of grace, he says, "By the pains of a godly Schoolmaster who used no small diligence in gaining tender souls to God's service and love." Thus the days of old urge us to safeguard the children and Christianize the Schools. Can the mighty American Presbyterian Church be silent with her Bible excluded from the Public School—a slight put upon the charter of her liberties and of her salvation! And will the Church of Makemie ever forget to pray for the Instructors of her youth? Says our Founder—"Youth and tender years are the most suitable for receiving impressions of Divine knowledge and habits of right living; for want of which many run naturally to a thousand disorders and all excess of riot." May Makemie's godly Schoolmaster still be teaching *us*! Guard the influences—the twig bent, the tree inclined. Then look heavenward and say with Micah (7: 20), "Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob and the mercy to Abraham which Thou hast sworn to our fathers from the days of old."

Third Lesson.—God has use for the higher education—for College, University and Theological Seminary—as well as for the preparatory learning. That Ramelton pedagogue had done his work grandly. To-day on the yellow rolls of the University of Glasgow, you may still read of the matriculation of a young man of seventeen years old in 1675—Franciscus Makemius Scoto-Hyburnus. God had use for that alumnus, Franciscus Makemius Scoto-Hyburnus. Paul must sit at the feet of Gamaliel. Error is smart and tricky and fights the intelligence as well as the heart, and truth must have its champions. In those days there were no Theological Seminaries but somehow there were great **Preachers and great Theologians.**

Perhaps Presbyteries were more critical and careful than they are to-day. The ancient Minutes of the Presbytery of Laggan are still preserved, old and venerable, and again and again the young Theologue is before them for examinations and trial sermons. Evidently nothing was superficial there. They went to the roots—not only the Greek roots but the soul-roots. Grand old Presbytery of Laggan—sound, conservative, strict, staunch as Scotia's crags. Francis tells us about it—"Distinct and positive answers to the questions proposed for showing soundness in the faith, and adhering to the truth professed in the Reformed Churches, against Popery, Arminianism, Prelacy, Erastianism, Independency, and whatever else is contrary to sound doctrine."

Before those rugged Scotch-Irish Presbyters—William Trail, Thomas Drummond, John Hart, Robert Campbell, and the rest—I would have hated to stand with the big-head or with any twist as to the errancy of the Scriptures or any doubt of the miracles or of the virgin birth of Christ or of His Divinity or of His resurrection. Nor would I have cared to face those old fellows with an adulterated, emasculated Calvinism. But young Francis stood the rigid tests and brought to America the Confession of Faith unabridged and needing no tinkering. "You shall not spread your pernicious doctrines here," blurted out the corrupt Governor of New York. The "strolling preacher," as he calls him, is not scared. I love to reiterate the answer—"As for our doctrines, my Lord, we have our Confession of Faith, which is known to the Christian world, and I challenge all the clergy of York to show us any false or pernicious doctrine therein." How about the Clergy of York now? Our Founder calls the great Genevan "holy Calvin," and he declares himself squarely in accord with Scotch orthodoxy "in all doctrines of the faith." If you will dig out of your cellars or attics a copy of Makemie's Catechism, the first Eastern Shore book ever published, you will immortalize

yourself and you will find it, as he tells us, harmonizing wholly with the Westminster Standards. Thus he indoctrinated the land of the Evergreens.

Therefore this has not been a healthy clime for Isms. The lax and the diluted have never inoculated the pulpits of Buckingham, Wicomico, Rockawalkin, Monokin, Pitts Creek, Rehoboth, and Snow Hill—the Seven Golden Candlesticks of the Eastern Shore Apocalypse. If any of us should undertake the adulteration or to play the freaks of the Higher Critics, we would lose our jobs. Makemie aggrandized the Scripture. In impressive symbol that imposing statue on Holden's Creek grasps the Bible in its granite right arm. So he says of the Old Book—"This is the Word of Life, the Revelation of Heaven, the Rule and Test both of Faith and Life." He calls it, "The Looking Glass in which we view both the inward and outward man." Loose Colleges and loose Seminaries are a burlesque upon our Founder. He had no use for Latitudinarianism. So he says—"Latitudinarian opinions are commonly attended with an answerable practice." In other words heresy is essentially demoralizing. Spirituality goes out when truth goes out. Thank God for the sturdy old doctrines—the landmarks of the fathers! "Turn us, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old. Sam. 5: 21.

Fourth Lesson—Sanctified common sense. This made Makemie the man for the times. I am now preaching a great thing. Western stockmen call it horse-sense. Some decades ago it was generally called mother-wit; born in us, inherited from our mothers. Diplomas of Colleges and Seminaries cannot confer it. It carries with it a knowledge of human nature and of the proprieties and that jewel of jewels, tact. It keeps preachers from making slips—and Elders too. It saves from misfits. It is the genius of adaptation. It is the instinct of the fitting. It enables us to be in the world but not of it. It keeps the minister out of politics and from getting astride the ballot box. It holds

him to his one work of soul-saving—not by moral reforms but by the blood of Christ. It fits Paul for running his tent-making without conflicting with the Gospel or infringing on Apostolic dignity.

The Bible calls it "wisdom." Or again, "the spirit of a sound mind." It adjusted the Ulster boy to an undeveloped continent, a four-square man. He planted corn and he planted potatoes and he planted Churches. He held the helm and piloted his trading sloop to his preaching places. People say we preachers have no business gumption. Makemie had it and it enabled him to carry the Gospel to impoverished exiles and pay his own way. Cornbury tried to caricature it to the London Authorities—"He is a Jack-at-all-trades; he is a preacher, a doctor of physic, a merchant, an attorney, a counsellor at law, and, which is worse of all, a disturber of governments."

The fact is, Cornbury had tackled an all-around man and got the worse of it, and was out of temper. God makes no misfits. He had modeled this son of Erin for a pioneer. Alas for the preacher minus common sense. It is sloop Tabitha minus rudder and minus ballast. The Bible is full of it. The Book of Proverbs is common sense in nuggets and crystals. And the Book of Proverbs says—"Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." (22-28.)

Fifth Lesson—Consecrated backbone. Of course it don't mean stubbornness. It don't mean contrariness. It don't mean doggedness. I beg your pardon, but it don't mean cussedness. It means the perpendicular spine, well vertibrated and well oiled. It is not egotism or self-assertion or pugnacity. It holds manhood erect without carrying a chip on the shoulder. It is not the shillalah at Donnybrook Fair and "Wherever you see a head, hit it."

It is equipoise. It ballanced Paul when he said he was determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, when he wouldn't touch meat if his example

injured others; when it took him straight from among weeping friends to Jerusalem with death staring him in the face; it was this that said calmly, "None of these things move me." It impelled Makemie to face the North-easters and to challenge the ocean billows. It took him back to New York, at great expense, to wage that first American battle for religious liberty.

That very sermon for which he was prosecuted had inculcated Bible obedience to rulers, but this didn't mean to rulers usurping Christ's sceptre and crown. In that sermon he said—"Christ is the Sole King, Head and Saviour in His Church." Paul speaks of standing and facing alone the Roman despot. Our Francis went through 400 miles of wilderness to confront alone the New York tyrant. He was not meddling with politics but politics meddled with him. He was not playing the politician but refusing to let politicians make a cats-paw of him. America must be held for Christ. The Word of God must not be bound.

Before the stalwart old Laggan Presbytery, heroes of the Covenant, Francis too had signed the Covenant for Christ's Cross and Crown. He had seen that Presbytery which ordained him, his own pastor included, he had seen them pursued, harassed and in prison. William Trail, who afterwards followed him to America and owned the farm of Brother's Love just below Rehoboth, he had seen jailed for months at Lifford. During his University course in Scotland, he had seen the ravages of the Bloody Dragoons, the atrocities of Dalzel and Claverhouse—men and women slaughtered for conscience and Christ. He had come from amid the gore of martyrs and knew what martyrdom meant. So our Francis braved the Colonial Nero and won. Oh solitary statue on Holden's Creek, you do well to lift your calm brow sublimely to the skies. Makemie was no invertebrate. Heaven found the champion and we are free. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old." Ps. 44: 1.

Sixth Lesson—An embodiment of the genuine Missionary spirit. At 25 years of age our Francis landed on our little river—brave herald of the Cross. In the days of the giants, of Clay and Webster and Calhoun, there stood upon the floor of the Senate another giant, Tom Benton of Missouri, and proposed what he knew to be an unpopular measure. He said—"Solitary and alone I set this ball in motion." For years he fought unbacked, persisted, and triumphed. On the banks of Pocomoke, solitary and alone Makemie set the ball in motion—and it is rolling yet! To John and Robert and little Anne and the Donegal heather he had said good bye and pressed into the fabulous West. Not a relative or acquaintance this side of the rolling immensity. The Presbyteries of Ulster had heard the orders—"Go, teach all nations," and they had sent the pupil of that godly Schoolmaster to teach the continent. Seventy-five years before, in 1608, Virginia's hero, Capt. John Smith, had been the first white man to enter the Pocomoke. Now another hero ploughs its waters, God's own chivalrous knight-errant. The year of his landing had long been an uncertainty until we found the definite date of 1683 in his own writings. Now the waters of Lough Swilly and of the Pocomoke met and kissed.

Three years before, 1680, the letter of Judge William Stevens of the Rehoboth plantation, applying for a Presbyterian minister, had been read by the Stated Clerk, William Trail, on the floor of the Presbytery of Laggan. God had young Francis there to hear—there among his examinations. In time he was ready to respond, with Isaiah, "Here am I; send me."

What a stir must have passed among the sparsely settled Presbyterians—up and down the Pocomoke, up and down the Annamessex, up and down the Manokin, up and down the Wicomico. The Church of Paul and Augustine and Calvin and Knox and Mackemie had found a domicile in the New World. In its helmet the white plumes of

a Missionary Church were waving. What raptures Missions brought and may bring to souls anhungered for the bread of life.

Of course he visits all the little patches of Presbyterians in the one broad county—Worcester and Wicomico and Somerset then all Somerset, named for Lord Baltimore's sister. But the whole Hemisphere is calling, calling—with its unexplored possibilities. The entire persecuted Presbytery of Laggan is thinking of a refuge in these Western wilds and they want to hear from more Colonies than one. He remains at first only about a year in these regions and starts for the Carolinas, the land of the Huguenot exiles. He is caught in a storm—"perils of the deep"—and is driven back to Elizabeth River, Virginia near the present site of Norfolk. There he finds another patch of Presbyterians and lingers for several years, we don't know just how long.

Must I whisper to you that Makemie was at first not much struck on this Canaan of ours and our ancestry? Perhaps we had better disabuse ourselves of some of our romantic ideas of those times. Unquestionably there are more Presbyterians in this house to-night than were then between the Nanticoke and the Accomac line. And most of those were very poor, refugees without means to cross the ocean and selling themselves as indentured servants for a term of years to pay for their passage. And then think of the low flat country uncleared, without drainage, without a ditch—an Elysium for mosquitoes and rattlesnakes and malaria. Quinine was yet unknown. A rolicking poet of those days tells of his "horrid seasoning" with chills and fevers and living on "kitchen physic." I'll guarantee that Elders Adam Spence and William Smith of Snow Hill, and Pierce Bray and John Dryden of Rehoboth drank enough catnip tea and boneset tea and decoctions of red-oak bark, with some infusions of Jamaica rum—enough of these luxuries almost to float the Tabitha. We need not

wonder that the lone Missionary, after "coming from Maryland" (so he says, settling that fact) wrote to Increase Mather from Elizabeth River in 1684—"I design to be very cautious in inviting my friends in Ireland to any place in America I have yet seen." Perhaps our Founder had sampled an Eastern shore ague! The day was to be when he enthused over our climate and fertile soil and orchards and fish and oysters, and encouraged everybody to come. But that was after Naomi Anderson had become Naomi Makemie and given him two little girls and after Presbyterians had taken root.

Meanwhile Makemieland had gotten two more of the true-blue—Samuel Davis at Snow Hill and William Trail of the Lifford jail at Rehoboth—both of them on the County Records as marrying couples in 1684. Cupid was an early immigrant and gave these preachers their first fame in American history.

We don't know how long our Founder stays across the Bay; we only know that in 1690 he is living on his own plantation by Matchatank Creek in Accomac—the year of Trail's return to Scotland. The next year incidentally the Princess Anne Record mention a funeral sermon preached by Makemie at the Rehoboth Church. The same year, 1691, the recorded will of John Galbraith makes bequests of 5000 pounds of pork apiece to Thomas Wilson, "Minister at Manokin," Samuel Davis, "Minister at Snow Hill," and Francis Makemie, "Minister of the Gospel at Rehoboth"—all so designated. Makemie's answer to Keith's attack on his Catechism is dated at "Rehoboth in Pocomoke" in 1692. In his writings he speaks of a Quaker's visit to "my house in Pocomoke" in 1693. Rehoboth was first called "Pocomoke Town" and made a Port of Entry in 1683, the year of Makemie's arrival. The present Church stands upon land owned and given by our Founder. Undoubtedly his home was there until he inherited the Anderson farm on Holden's Creek in 1698. Again it was a

bright old day when the rusty old Records gave up the facts hitherto unknown in History—that Makemie and Trail owned homes within two miles of each other on our little river at and near Rehoboth.

Here in Makemieland was this largest constellation of Presbyterian Preachers in America—Makemie, Trail, Davis and Wilson—enough for a Presbytery. We have felt that sufficient honor has never been accorded to Samuel Davis. He was certainly in this section from 1684 till 1697 when he removed to Lewes—thirteen years of continuous work, more continuously than even our Founder, who was Missionating from Barbadoes to Boston and also in Europe seeking recruits. Makemie was a Continental Evangelist rather than a regular Pastor, having like Paul the "care of all the Churches."

For the Apostle of the Chesapeake it must have been a happy day when after 23 years of holy expectancy his plans ripened and the Mother Presbytery was organized in Philadelphia in 1706. And was not the Presbytery of Laggan proud of her Transatlantic daughter? And did not the New Testament Synod at Jerusalem seem to send salutations and congratulations? So Makemie had written—"Our Lord Jesus has prescribed spiritual laws and constituted a suitable government and spiritual rule in His Church entrusted to particular persons duly to be executed." He had urged strictness in Church administration—"A Church without discipline is like a kingdom without rule and government." Evidently her Founder didn't want the American Church to be an anarchy, a hodge-podge of doctrine or a hodge-podge of polity.

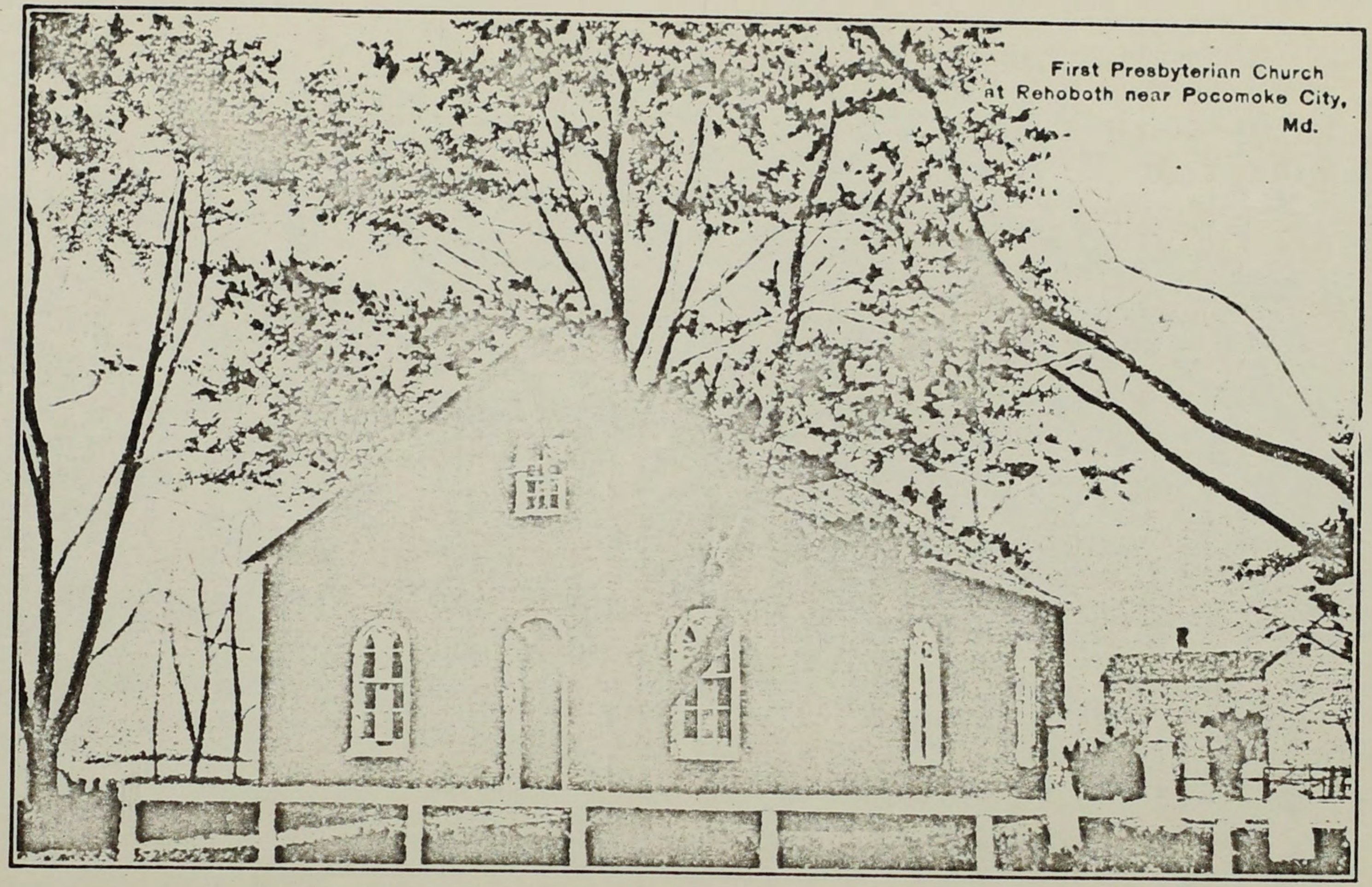
From his first Presbytery successfully launched, Makemie goes to an adjourned meeting at Freehold, New Jersey, where they examine and ordain a candidate for the Ministry, the first laying on of Presbyterial hands this side of the Atlantic. I wonder if young John Boyd discredited the virgin-birth and Divinity of Christ and the integrity of the

Scriptures! Thence goes the unflinching Crusader back to New York to finish up the Holy War with Cornbury. I wonder if the victorious champion of religious liberty had a nightmare there of degenerate Presbyteries licensing Ecclesiastical monstrosities, to prevert his Bible and trample upon the Confession of Faith and throw the old landmarks to the dogs! And I wonder if the Schools of the Prophets in the days of Elijah and Elisha taught that Carmel's fire from Heaven and the raising of the Shunamite's son were myths and frauds!

Before the work of our first Missionary was done, Makemie was to attend one more Presbytery. He has brought McNish and Hampton from Europe, and the Presbytery meets again in Philadelphia in March 1707. Before them comes the first regular Pastoral Call on the Continent. It is to John Hampton and comes from Snow Hill. The Pastor of this Church stands to-night in the footprints of the first formally called and formally installed Pastor in American History.

At the same meeting the following suggestive action was taken—"That every Minister of Presbytery supply neighboring desolate places where a Minister is wanting and opportunity of doing good offers." This has an inspiring ring. Every Minister is made a Missionary—a propagandist—an aggresive force. Evidently Mother Presbytery had imbibed her Founder's fervor and meant business! It appropriated the vacancies.

Suppose all New Castle Presbytery were to move out of our entrenchments upon that program—"That every Minister supply neighboring places where a Minister is wanting, and opportunity of good offers!" That is Makemie like. I preached for five years as Presbyterial and as a Synodical Evangelist among the destitutions of Missouri. I served as Chairman of Home Missions amid the wide spiritual desolations of Louisiana. I have never seen more promising Missionary territories than now on



THE MOTHER CHURCH.

this Peninsula. Makemie found it Missionary ground—he bequeathed it to us as Missionary ground—it is still Missionary ground. Is there a country School-House between the Pocomoke and the Brandywine where intent congregations may not be gathered? Oh waiting neighborhoods! Oh waiting counties!

My heart bounded when over at Salisbury Dr. Thompson offered to employ an Evangelist beneath these blue skies. I envied Dr. Gilfillan when he was called to the grand mission and the grand opportunities. I have sampled his work and am confident he is the man for the place. No Gospel Herald in the United States has a nobler arena. May he ride Pony Button and sail sloop Tabitha! Why not a thousand converts and a dozen new organizations this year? Oh for the Makemie enthusiasms! Oh for Makemie's clarion call! "One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men." Our Founder would have every William Trail of us all, every Samuel Davis and Thomas Wilson and George McNish and John Hampton of this Presbytery in the van. I wonder if we are all in line with our Evangelist and upon our knees and preparing him openings. Yes, rapt Isaiah, sing it out—"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old!" Is. 51: 9.

Seventh Lesson and last, I bring you a winsome thought from our Founder, a Golden Text of his own coining. He sends it to you by me. "Making" he says, "making our acquaintance with the inhabitants of the Upper World." O Holden's Creek Seer, we thank thee for the word! This Peninsula shaking hands across the line with the worthies of other days. Hearing the voices of the glorified across the line. Gathering inspiration from across the line. So the Psalm of our Text says—If you want to put off the shadows and become optimistic, think of God's centuries and your ascended predecessors. "Making our acquaintances with the inhabitants of the Upper World."

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

"One army of the Living God,
To His commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now."

Resolving to be worthy of the fathers and telling them so across the line. Cultivating enthusiastically the goodly heritage they have left us, hearts beating in unison across the line. In league with our fellow-Presbyters of the last 200 years and saluting across the line. Falling into step with our Makemie and imbibing his vim across the line!

"Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old and as in the former years."

Thus says Malachi (3: 4) and the Prophet of the Chesapeake answers back—"Making our acquaintance with the inhabitants of the Upper World; frequently conversing there with faith and contemplation; having our hearts and souls soaring aloft and ardently breathing after crown and kingdom."

Thus speaks Makemie, and Jeremiah another Prophet of the former days responds, "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (6: 16).

I hold in my hand a well-worn copy of the rude Psalmody of old Rouse—picked up in the pulpit of the abandoned brick Meeting House at Ramelton where Makemie's boyhood worshipped--and sent me by one of his kin. Who knows but the Makemies sung from these pages? And on this hill

on which we worship to-night, in the primitive village springing up on Ann Bishop's plantation, who knows but that two centuries ago Adam Spence and William Smith sang the Paraphrase of my text which I am going to read to you from the surviving Donegal volume. Listen to the old-time choristers!—

"The days of old to mind I called and oft did think upon
The time and ages that are past full many years agone;
By night my song I call to mind and commune with my heart;
My spirit did carefully inquire how I might ease my smart.

"Then did I say, That surely this is mine infirmity;
I'll mind the years of the right hand of Him that is Most High;
Yes, I remember well the works performed by the Lord,
The wonders done of old by Thee, I surely will record.

"O God, Thy way most holy is within Thy Sanctuary;
And what God is so great in power as is our God Most High!
Thy people Thou didst surely lead like to a flock of sheep;
By Moses' hand and Aaron's, Thou didst them conduct and keep."

And when to God's ancient leaders, to Moses and Aaron, I add the name of our Francis Makemie to-night, this great congregation are saying, Amen!

THE MAKEMIE MEMORIAL HYMNS.

FOR THE MAKEMIE MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(Tune Uxbridge.)

O, Lord, for thy protecting care,
We lift the voice of praise and prayer;
Still bless this dear, time-hallowed place,
And grant us Thine abundant grace.

For twice one hundred years and more,
In light and shade, in peace and war,
This church hath by thy mercy stood;
The Lord is great, the Lord is good.

Chief Shepherd, we our thanks renew.
For pastors wise, and kind and true;
Praise for Thy Word as published here,
Its quickening power, its joyful cheer.

Through bygone days thy love we own;
Thy raindrops fell, Thy sunbeams shone;
We trust to Thee the coming years;
O, sanctify both smiles and tears.

When all thine own shall gathered be,
To spend a bright eternity,
Lord, from this church may hosts arise,
To sing Thy name beyond the skies.

—ELIZA EDMUNDS HEWITT.

THE TREE OF HIS PLANTING.

(Tune, "Laban.")

We praise and bless Thee, Lord,
And own Thy guiding hand,
Which brought the herald of Thy Word,
To this fair western land.

Two centuries have fled,
Yet still Thy love remains;
As in the past, so now Thine own,
It comforts and sustains.

Through struggles, toil and pain,
Thy church has stood the test,
And pointed sin-sick souls to Thee,
For comfort, peace and rest.

The seed in weakness sown,
Is now a spreading tree;
We praise Thee for this gift of Thine,
To Thee the honor be.

—MARY M. NORTH.

GLORY AND PRAISE.

(Tune, "Hail to the Brightness.")

Glory to God for this church of His planting.
Glory and praise from our hearts now ascend;
Long has he led us, as children most favored,
Fostered and watched us, as father and friend.

Years backward rolled, and the harvests were garnered,
Years brightly dawned, and the kingdom increased,
Now looking forward, we praise and take courage,
Blessing our Keeper whose watch has not ceased.

Glory to God, to our Father Most Mighty,
Glory to Jesus, Redeemer and Son,
Glory to Thee, Spirit; Leader and Teacher,
Glory and praise to the Bless'd Three in One.

—MARY M. NORTH.